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THE

Aldeburgh CONNECTION

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FACULTY of MUSIC
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

present

SAEMI CHANG *soprano*

SUSAN BLACK *mezzo*

STEPHEN ERICKSON *tenor*

JULIEN PATENAUDE *baritone*

with

BRUCE UBUKATA *piano*

Walter Hall

Tuesday, October 15, 2002

8 p.m.

sponsored by

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Songs of Mystery and the Night

SAEMI CHANG, soprano

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Please reserve your applause until the end of each group

O schöne Nacht (*Georg Friedrich Daumer*) Op. 92/1
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

As well as for his *Lieder* and song-cycles, Brahms is known for a considerable body of music for concerted voices. There are *a capella* choral pieces, many on religious texts, and works for choir and piano, like the famous *Zigeunerlieder*. But some of his greatest works in this genre were intended for solo voices and piano. They include the *Liebeslieder Walzer* and the *Neue Liebeslieder*. Less well-known is the later *opus* in which this powerful invocation to night appears. The poet is Daumer, whose not very highly regarded verses Brahms raised, on numerous occasions, to a higher level.

O schöne Nacht!
Am Himmel märchenhaft
Erglänzt der Mond in seiner ganzen Pracht;
Um ihn der kleinen Sterne liebliche
Genossenschaft.

Es schimmert hell der Tau
Am grünen Halm; mit Macht
Im Fliederbusche schlägt die Nachtigall;
Der Knabe schleicht zu seiner Liebsten sacht —
O schöne Nacht!

O lovely night!
In the heavens,
the moon gleams with magic in all its splendour;
about it, the sweet
comradeship of tiny stars.

The dew glimmers brightly
on the green blades of grass; with great power,
the nightingale sings out in the elder-bush;
the young man steals quietly to his sweetheart —
O lovely night!

Five settings of Paul Verlaine

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

As a boy, Debussy took piano lessons from a Mme Mauté de Fleurville, who claimed to have been a pupil of Chopin. Whether she was or not, what is certain is that her daughter, Mathilde, married Paul Verlaine. Debussy was attracted at an early age to the work of Verlaine and made more than twenty settings of his poems, showing particular preference for those which evoked nocturnal scenes of the *commedia dell'arte*.

The strongest impulse to song composition, however, came from infatuation with Marie-Blanche Vasnier, an accomplished amateur singer in her early thirties whom Debussy had met when accompanying the singing classes of Mme Moreau-Santi. These five Verlaine settings, composed in the early 1880s, come from the so-called *Recueil Vasnier*, a manuscript collection dedicated to his green-eyed idol, whom he described as possessing "the lips of a melodious fairy".

Pantomime

Pierrot, qui n'a rien d'un Clitandre,
Vide un flacon sans plus attendre,
Et, pratique, entame un pâté.

Cassandre, au fond de l'avenue,
Verse une larme méconnue
Sur son neveu déshérité.

Ce faquin d'Arlequin combine
L'enlèvement de Colombine
Et pirouette quatre fois.

Colombine rêve, surprise
De sentir un coeur dans la brise
Et d'entendre en son coeur des voix.

Pantomime

Pierrot, who is no Clitandre,
gulps down a bottle without delay
and, being practical, starts on a pie.

Cassandre, at the end of the avenue,
sheds an unnoticed tear
for his disinherited nephew.

That rogue of a Harlequin schemes
how to abduct Colombine
and pirouettes four times.

Colombine dreams, amazed
to sense a heart in the breeze
and hear voices in her heart.

En sourdine

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos coeurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton coeur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera,
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Muted

Calm in the half-light
cast by the high branches,
Let our love be suffused
With this deep silence.

Let our souls, our hearts and
senses blend
with the vague languours
of the pines and the arbutus.

Half close your eyes,
cross your arms upon your breast,
and banish forever all purpose
from your sleeping heart.

Let us be coaxed by the
soft, lulling breeze
that comes to ripple the waves
of russet grass at your feet.

And when evening solemnly
falls from the black oaks,
the voice of our despair,
the nightingale, will sing.

Mandoline

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Mandoline

Serenaders
and their lovely listeners
exchange sweet nothings
beneath the singing branches.

Tircis, Aminte,
the eternal Clitandre,
and Damis who writes tender
verses for many a cruel mistress.

Their short silken doublets,
their long trailing dresses,
their elegance, their joy
and their soft blue shadows

Whirl in the ecstasy
of a pink and grey moon,
and the mandolin twangs
in the quivering breeze.

Clair de lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmants masques et
bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements
fantasques!

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur
bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de
lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et
beau,
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les
arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi
les marbres!

Moonlight

Your soul is an exquisite landscape
enchanted by masquers and
revellers
playing the lute and dancing and
yet somehow sad beneath their
fantastic disguises!

Singing in a minor key of love
triumphant and of life's pleasures,
they seem not to believe their
happiness,
and their song mingles with the
moonlight,

With the calm, sad, beautiful,
moonlight
which makes the birds dream
in the trees,
and the fountains sob in ecstasy,
the tall slender fountains amid the
marble statues!

Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella,
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla,
Gesticulent noirs sous la lune.

Cependant l'excellent docteur
Bolonais cueille avec lenteur
Des simples parmi l'herbe brune.

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse demi-nue, en quête

De son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un amoureux rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

Marionettes

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
brought together by a wicked plan,
are gesticulating, black against the moon.

Meanwhile the excellent doctor
from Bologna slowly gathers herbs
in the brown grass.

Then his daughter,
enticing and pretty, under the bower,
stealthily, slips half naked, looking

For her fine Spanish pirate
whose distress is loudly proclaimed
by an amorous nightingale.

Mirages (*Mme la Baronne Renée de Brimont*) Op. 113
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Mirages was composed in the summer of 1919, while Fauré was staying for the first time at Annecy-le-vieux in the French Alps, a place which became very dear to him in his last years. Separated by some thirty five years from Debussy's Verlaine settings, this song-cycle could not be more different in almost every stylistic respect. The economy of rhythm and range and the rigorous, almost baroque, organization of harmony is highly typical of the composer's late style. Jean-Michel Nectoux writes: "*Mirages* occupies a very special place in Fauré's output. Certainly, he never went further in the direction of '*le chant parlé*'. The vocal lines of the first three songs can be seen as a recitation, or even as an example of psalmody, with its smooth melodic profile and reliance on intervals of the second, third or fourth; a number of words are sung to the same note and the verbal rhythms follow those of a sensitive reading of the text."

The poet, the Baronne Antoine de Brimont, born Renée de Bonninière, was more of a society lady than an author; she wrote in free verse after the Symbolist manner. Her volume of poems called *Mirages* had appeared earlier in 1919, in a sumptuous edition with woodcuts by Georges Barbier. Fauré was probably attracted by the flexibility of her writing and the sensuous, ambiguous images it suggested. The style of his settings certainly serves to present the texts in the most faithful and favourable way.

1. **Cygne sur l'eau**

Ma pensée est un cygne
harmonieux et sage
Qui glisse lentement aux rivages
d'ennui
Sur les ondes sans fond du rêve,
du mirage,
De l'écho, du brouillard, de l'ombre,
de la nuit.

Il glisse, roi hautain fendant un
libre espace,
Poursuit un reflet vain, précieux
et changeant,
Et les roseaux nombreux s'inclinent
quand il passe,
Sombre et muet, au seuil d'une
lune d'argent ;

Et des blancs nénuphars chaque
corolle ronde
Tour à tour a fleuri de désir ou
d'espoir...
Mais plus avant toujours, sur
la brume et sur l'onde,
Vers l'inconnu fuyant glisse le
cygne noir.

Or j'ai dit : "Renoncez, beau cygne
chimérique,
À ce voyage lent vers de troubles
destins ;
Nul miracle chinois, nulle étrange
Amérique
Ne vous accueilleront en des
havres certains;

Les golfes embaumés, les îles
immortelles
Ont pour vous, cygne noir, des
récifs périlleux ;
Demeurez sur les lacs où se
mirent, fidèles,
Ces nuages, ces fleurs, ces astres
et ces yeux."

Swan on the water

My mind is a gentle,
harmonious swan
gliding slowly along the
shores of ennui
On the fathomless waters
of dreams and delusion,
of echo, of mist, of shadow,
of night.

He glides, a haughty monarch
cleaving a path,
pursuing a vain reflection,
precious and fleeting,
and the countless reeds bow
as he passes,
dark and silent before a
silver moon;

and each round corolla of the
white water-lilies
has blossomed by turn with
desire or hope...
But ever forward on the mists
and the waves,
the black swan glides toward
the receding unknown.

And I said: "Renounce, beautiful chimera of a swan,
this slow voyage to troubled
destinies;
no Chinese miracle, no exotic
America
will welcome you in safe
havens;

the scented gulfs, the
immortal isles
await you, black swan, with
their perilous reefs;
remain on the lakes which
faithfully reflect
these clouds, these flowers,
these stars, and these eyes."

2. Reflets dans l'eau

Étendue au seuil du bassin,
Dans l'eau plus froide que le sein
Des vierges sages,
J'ai reflété mon vague ennui,
Mes yeux profonds couleur de nuit
Et mon visage.

Et dans ce miroir incertain
J'ai vu de merveilleux matins...
J'ai vu des choses
Pâles comme des souvenirs,
Dans l'eau que ne saurait ternir
Nul vent morose.

Alors - au fond du Passé bleu —
Mon corps mince n'était qu'un peu
D'ombre mouvante ;
Sous les lauriers et les cyprès
J'aimais la brise au souffle frais
Qui nous évente...

J'aimais vos caresses de soeur,
Vos nuances, votre douceur,
Aube opportune ;
Et votre pas souple et rythmé,
Nymphes au rire parfumé,
Au teint de lune;

Et le galop des aegypans,
Et la fontaine qui s'épand
En larmes fades...
Par les bois secrets et divins
J'écoutais frissonner sans fin
L'hamadryade,

Ô cher Passé mystérieux
Qui vous reflétez dans mes yeux
Comme un nuage,
Il me serait plaisant et doux,
Passé, d'essayer avec vous
Le long voyage !...

Si je glisse, les eaux feront
Un rond fluide... un autre rond...
Un autre à peine...
Et puis le miroir enchanté
Reprendra sa limpidité
Froide et sereine.

Reflections in the water

Lying at the pool's edge,
in water more cold than the
breasts of wise virgins,
I saw reflected my vague ennui,
my deep and night-dark eyes
and my face.

And in this uncertain mirror
I have seen wondrous mornings...
I have seen things
as pale as memories
on the water that no morose wind
could mist.

Then on the bed of the blue Past,
my slight body was but a shred
of moving shadow;
beneath the laurel and cypress
I loved the cool breath of wind
that fanned us...

I loved your sisterly caresses,
your light and shade, your softness,
timely dawn;
and your supple rhythmic step,
you nymphs pale as the moon
with scented laughter;

And the gallop of the Aegypans,
and the fountain,cascading
in saltless tears...
in the secret and sacred woods
I heard the hamadryad's
endless quivering.

Cherished, mysterious Past,
reflected in my eyes
like a cloud,
it would be pleasant and sweet for me
to embark with you, O Past,
on the long voyage!...

If I slip, the waters will ripple
in rings... in rings...
in rin...
and then the enchanged mirror
will grows limpid once more,
cold and serene.

3. Jardin nocturne

Nocturne jardin tout empli de
silence,
Voici que la lune ouverte se balance
En des voiles d'or fluides et légers ;
Elle semble proche et cependant
lointaine...
Son visage rit au coeur de la
fontaine
Et l'ombre pâlit sous les noirs
orangers.

Nul bruit, si ce n'est le faible bruit
de l'onde
Fuyant goutte à goutte au bord des
vasques rondes,
Ou le bleu frisson d'une brise
d'été,
Furtive parmi des palmes
invisibles...
Je sais, ô jardin, vos caresses
sensibles
Et votre languide et chaude
volupté !

Je sais votre paix délectable et
morose,
Vos parfums d'iris, de jasmins et
de roses,
Vos charmes troublés de désir et
d'ennui...
Ô jardin muet ! -- L'eau des
vasques s'égoutte
Avec un bruit faible et magique...
J'écoute
Ce baiser qui chante aux lèvres
de la Nuit.

Nocturnal garden

Noctural garden brmming with
silence,
now the full moon is swaying
in light and liquid veils of gold;
close she seems, yet far
away...
her face is laughing in the heart of
the fountain
and shadows pale beneath dark
orange-trees.

No sound, save perhaps the
whispering wave
trickling drop by drop from
round basins,
or the blue quiver of a summer
breeze,
furtive among invisible
palms...
I know, O garden, your keen
caresses
and your languid, torrid
voluptuousness!

I know your delicious and
sullen peace,
your scents of iris, of jasmine,
of rose,
your beauty ruffled by desire
and ennui...
O silent garden! The waters in the
basin drip
with a faint and magical sound ...
I listen
To this kiss which sings on the
lips of Night.

4. Danseuse

Soeur des Soeurs tisseuses de
violettes,
Une ardente veille blémit tes joues...
Danse ! Et que les rythmes aigus
dénouent
Tes bandelettes.

Vase svelte, fresque mouvante
et souple,
Danse, danse, paumes vers nous
tendues,
Pieds étroits fuyant, tels des ailes
nues
Qu'Eros découple...

Sois la fleur multiple un peu
balancée,
Sois l'écharpe offerte au désir qui
change,
Sois la lampe chaste, la flamme
étrange,
Sois la pensée !

Danse, danse au chant de ma flûte
creuse,
Soeur des Soeurs divines.--
La moiteur glisse,
Baiser vain, le long de ta hanche
lisse...
Vaine danseuse !

Dancer

Sister of violet-weaving
sisters,
a scorching vigil pales your cheeks...
Dance! And let the shrill rhythms
unfurl
your sashes.

Svelte vase, supple and moving
fresco,
dance with palms outstretched
before us,
slender feet flying like the naked
wings
which Eros unbinds...

Be the multiple flower swaying
a little,
be the scarf proffered to
fickle desire,
be the chaste lamp, the strange
flame,
be thought!

Dance, dance to the song of my
hollow flute,
sister of sacred sisters. Moisture
trickles,
a vain kiss, along your lithe
hip...
vain dancer!

Five Songs Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Like Schubert and Brahms, but unlike Schumann and Wolf, Richard Strauss only rarely chose from the greatest poetry when composing his more than two hundred songs. He himself said: "A perfect Goethe poem doesn't need any music; precisely in the case of Goethe, music weakens and flattens out the word." So we find settings of poets whose names would probably be unknown today were it not for Strauss's music. Inspiration could strike at random. "For some time I may have had no impulse to compose at all," he wrote in 1893. "Then, one evening, I may be turning the leaves of a volume of poetry; a poem will strike my eye, I read it through, it agrees with the mood I am in and at once the appropriate music is fitted to it."

These five songs are among the best-known by Strauss. They span a twelve year period, from 1882 to 1894; in the latter year, *Morgen* was composed on May 21, *Heimliche Aufforderung* on the following day. We think of these songs as romantic outpourings; in fact, the Scottish-born John Henry Mackay was one of a group of late nineteenth century German writers whose avowed aim was a reaction against romanticism — an aim rather traduced by Strauss!

All mein' Gedanken, mein Herz und mein Sinn (*Felix Dahn*), Op. 21/1

All' mein Gedanken, mein Herz
und mein Sinn,
Da, wo die Liebste ist, wandern
sie hin.
Gehn ihres Weges trotz Mauer und
Tor,
Da hält kein Riegel, kein Graben
nicht vor,

Gehn wie die Vögelein hoch durch
die Luft,
Brauchen kein Brücken über Wasser
und Kluft,
Finden das Städtlein und finden
das Haus,
Finden ihr Fenster aus allen
heraus.

Und klopfen und rufen: Mach auf,
laß uns ein,
Wir kommen vom Liebsten und
grüßen dich fein.

All my thoughts, my heart and
my mind,
wander to where my
sweetheart is.
They go their way despite
wall and gate;
no bolt, no ditch holds
them up.

They go high through the air
like birds,
need no bridges over water
or ravine,
find the little town and find
the house,
find out her window from
among all the rest.

A knock and call: Open,
let us in!
we come from your sweetheart
and bring you his love.

Die Nacht (*Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg*) Op. 10/3

Aus dem Walde tritt die Nacht,
Aus den Bäumen schleicht sie leise,
Schaut sich um in weitem Kreise,
Nun gib acht!

Alle Lichter dieser Welt,
Alle Blumen, alle Farben
Löscht sie aus und stiehlt die Garben
Weg vom Feld.

Alles nimmt sie, was nur hold,
Nimmt das Silber weg des Stroms,
Nimmt vom Kupferdach des Doms
Weg das Gold.

Ausgeplündert steht der Strauch,
Rücke näher, Seel' an Seele;
O die Nacht, mir bangt, sie stehle
Dich mir auch.

The night

Out of the forest comes the night,
it creeps quietly from the trees,
takes a wide cirling look about it,
now beware!

All the light of the world,
all the flowers, all the colours,
it snuffs out, and steals the sheaves
from out of the field.

It takes everything that is lovely,
takes the silver from the stream,
from the copper roof of the cathedral takes
the gold away.

The bushes stand despoiled,
come closer, soul to soul;
O the night, I fear, will steal
you too from me.

Ständchen (*Adolf Friedrich, Graf von Schack*) Op. 17/ 2

Serenade

Mach auf, mach auf, doch leise
mein Kind,
Um Keinen vom Schlummer
zu wecken.
Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum
zittert im Wind
Ein Blatt an den Büschen und
Hecken.

Open up, open, but softly
my dear,
so as to wake no one from
sleep.
The brook hardly murmers,
the wind hardly shakes
a leaf on bush or
hedge.

D'rum leise, mein Mädchen, daß
nichts sich regt,
Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke
gelegt.
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so
sacht,
Um über die Blumen zu
hüpfen,
Flieg' leicht hinaus in die
Mondscheinnacht,
Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen.

So, softly, my maiden, so that
nothing stirs,
just lay your hand softly on the
doorlatch.
With steps as soft as the footsteps
of elves,
soft enough to hop over the
flowers,
fly lightly out into the moonlit
night,
to steal to me in the garden.

Rings schlummern die Blüten am
rieselnden Bach
Und duften im Schlaf, nur die
Liebe ist wach.

The flowers are sleeping along the
rippling brook,
fragrant in sleep, only love is
awake.

Sitz' nieder, hier dämmerts
geheimnisvoll
Unter den Lindenbäumen,
Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll
Von unseren Küssen träumen,
Und die Rose, wenn sie am
Morgen erwacht,
Hoch glühn von den
Wonnenschauern der Nacht.

Sit, here it darkens
mysteriously
beneath the lindens,
the nightingale over our heads
shall dream of our kisses,
and the rose, when it wakes in the
morning,
shall glow from the wondrous
passions of the night.

Morgen! (*John Henry Mackay*) Op. 27/4

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen
In mitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen.

Tomorrow

And tomorrow the sun will shine again,
and on the path that I shall take,
it will unite us, lucky ones, again,
amid this same sun-breathing earth...

And to the beach, broad and blue-waved,
we shall climb down, quiet and slow;
speechless, we shall gaze each in the other's eyes
and the speechless silence of happiness will fall upon us.

Heimliche Aufforderung (*Mackay*) Op. 27/3

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale
empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle
dein Herz gesund.
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke
mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich und dann trinke
ich still wie du ...

Und still gleich mir betrachte um
uns das Heer
Der trunkenen Schwätzer —
verachte sie nicht zu sehr,
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale,
gefüllt mit Wein,
Undlaß beim lärmenden Mahle
sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen,
den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen
festfreudiges Bild,
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten
zum Rosenstrauch,
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten
nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken,
eh du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie
ehmals oft,
Und flechten in deine Haare der
Rosen Pracht.
O komm, du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!

Secret Invitation

Come, raise the sparkling goblet
to your lips,
and drink to your heart's content, at
the festive board.
And when you raise it, give me a
secret sign,
then I will smile, and drink quietly
like you...

And, like me, calmly look around
at the crowd
of drunken gossips — do not despise
them too much.
No, lift the glittering goblet, filled
with wine,
and let them be happy at the noisy
feast.

But when you have enjoyed the meal,
quenched your thirst,
then quit the carousing
company
and come out to the rosebush in the
garden,
I will wait for you there as of
yore,

and I will sink upon your breast
before you expect it!
and drink in your kisses, as often
before,
and plait in your hair the glory of
the roses.
O come, marvellous, longed-for
night!

Six Hölderlin Fragments (*Friedrich Hölderlin*) Op. 61
Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Some of Britten's finest vocal music sets languages other than English - *Les Illuminations*, the *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo* and these Hölderlin songs, for example. There was, perhaps, the opportunity to express a deeper, more personal message than was easily allowed in the setting of English poetry. One degree of separation protected the composer from complete public disclosure.

This song-cycle resulted from Britten's friendship with Prince Ludwig of Hesse and the Rhine (a great-grandson of Queen Victoria) and his wife, Princess Margaret. The Prince admired the poetry of Friedrich Hölderlin (1770-1843), whose final years were spent in the grip of schizophrenia. The poet aimed at a clear, unforced, 'Hellenic' means of expression, and this is reflected in the musical settings. The songs were composed during the summer of 1958 and were performed by Peter Pears and Benjamin Britten at Schloss Wolfsgarten near Darmstadt on 20 November, the Prince's 50th birthday.

Superimposed on a Hellenic ideal is an inescapable stylistic influence from the *Lied*, especially in *Die Heimat* and *Hälfte des Lebens*. Indeed, the former (*pace* the composer's declared antipathy) is reminiscent in texture of Richard Strauss. At the heart of the cycle are a Socratic apologia and *Die Jugend*, a retelling of the Ganymede legend. Like a chorale, *Die Linien des Lebens* sums up the discourse in the severest German counterpoint.

1. Menschenbeifall

Ist nicht heilig mein Herz,
schöneren Lebens voll,
Seit ich liebe? Warum achtetet ihr
mich mehr,
Da ich stolzer und wilder
Wortereicher und leerer war?

Ach! der Menge gefällt, was auf den
Markplatz taugt,
und es ehret der Knecht nur den
Gewaltsamen;
An das Göttliche glauben
Die allein, die es selber sind.

The applause of men

Love has hallowed my heart,
filled it with fairer life,
filled it with beauty. Why then did
you esteem me more,
in my arrogant wilderness,
rich in empty resounding words?

Ah, the masses delight in every
cheap device,
And the servile obey nought but
a tyrrany;
they acknowledge the godlike —
only they, who themselves
are gods.

2. Die Heimat

Froh kehrt der Schiffer heim an
den stillen Strom
Von fernen Inseln, wo er
geerntet hat.
Wohl möcht' auch ich zur
Heimat wieder;
Aber was hab' ich, wie Leid,
geerntet? —

Ihr holden Ufer, die ihr mich
aufgezogt,
Stillt ihr der Liebe Leiden?
ach! gebt ihr mir,
Ihr Wälder meiner Kindheit!
wann ich
Komme, die Ruhe noch einmal
wieder?

Home

With joy the fisher steers
into quiet port
from distant islands, where he has
harvested.
So too would I be turning
homewards;
Ah, but what have I, save grief
for harvest?

Ye blessed shores, the guardians
of my youth,
can you not ease my longing?
Then give me back,
you forests of my childhood,
at my
coming, that peace which once
you gave me!

3. Sokrates und Alcibiades

"Warum huldigest du, heiliger
Sokrates,
Diesem Jünglinge stets? Kennest
du Größers nicht?
Warum siehet mit Liebe,
Wie auf Götter, dein Aug'
auf ihn?"

Socrates and Alcibiades

"And why favourest thou, holy
Socrates,
such a stripling as this?
Know'st thou no higher things?
And why gazest upon him
like an immortal, with
with eyes of love?"

Wer das Tiefste gedacht, liebt
das Lebendigste,
Hohe Tugend versteht, wer in die
Welt geblickt,
Und es neigen die Weisen
Oft am Ende zu Schönem sich.

Who most deeply enquires,
loves what is liveliest,
and true Virtue perceives, who
has observed the world,
and at moments the sages
must be yielding to Beauty
itself.

4. Die Jugend

Da ich ein Knabe war,
Rettet' ein Gott mich oft
Vom Geschrei und der Rufe der
Menschen,
Da spielt' ich sicher und gut
Mit den Blumen des Hains,
Und die Lüftchen des Himmels
Spielten mit mir.

Und wie du das Herz
Der Planzen erfreust,
Wenn sie entgegen dir
Die zarten Arme strecken,
So hast du mein Herz erfreut,
Vater Helios! und, wie
Endymion,
War ich dein Liebling,
Heilige Luna!

O all ihr Treuen
Freundlichen Götter!
Daß ihr wüßtet,
Wie euch meine Seele geliebt!

Mich erzog der Wohllaut
Des säuselnden Hains,
Und lieben lernt' ich
Unter den Blumen.
Im Arme der Götter wuchs
ich groß.

Youth

When I was still a boy
I was saved by a god
from the noise and the bruises
of mankind.
I played securely and free
with the flowers of the fields,
and the breezes of heaven
sported with me.

And as you delight
the hearts of the flowers
when they incline to you,
their tender arms outstretching,
so you filled my heart with joy,
Father Helios! And, like
Endymion,
I was your darling,
Heavenly Luna!

O all you friendly,
faithful immortals!
Could I tell you how
beloved you were to my heart!

I was taught the songs
of the whispering trees,
and amid the flowers
I learnt the art of love.
The arms of the gods made me
a man.

5. Hälfte des Lebens

Mit gelben Birnen hänget
Und voll mit wilden Rosen
Das Land in den See,
Ihr holden Schwäne,
Und trunken von Küssen
Tunkt ihr das Haupt
Ins heilignüchterne Wasser.

Weh mir, wo nehm' ich, wenn
Es Winter ist, die Blumen, und wo
Den Sonnenschein,
Und Schatten der Erde?
Die Mauern stehn
Sprachlos und kalt, im Winde
Klirren die Fahnen.

The middle of life

With golden fruit it hangs there
and full of wild roses,
the land into the lake,
ye gentle swans
and drunken with kissing
dip your heads
into the pure, hallowed water.

Alas! where are they, in
the winter time, the flowers,
and where the shining sun,
and shadows of the Earth?
The walls stand there
speechless and cold; the wind sets
weathervanes clattering.

6. Die Linien des Lebens

Die Linien des Lebens sind
verschieden,
Wie Wege sind, und wie der Berge
Grenzen.
Was hier wir sind, kann dort ein
Gott ergänzen
Mit Harmonien und ew'gem Lohn
und Frieden.

Lines of life

Each line of life is different
from another.
as rivers are, or like the
mountain ranges.
What we are here, is there
by God completed
with harmony, reward and
peace eternal.

INTERMISSION

In a Persian Garden (*Edward Fitzgerald*)
after *The Rubaiyát of Omar Khayyám* Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

Liza Lehmann was one of the first female composers to make an impact in the English-speaking world. Her music was deservedly popular in her lifetime and after, but gradually fell into comparative oblivion during the twentieth century. Its virtues are very real, nonetheless, and her life story is, in itself, intriguing. Her mother was born as Amelia Chambers, the daughter of the founder of *Chambers' Encyclopedia*. Marrying the successful portrait painter, Rudolf Lehmann, she continued a career as a gifted singer and composer, though lack of confidence prevented her from achieving much success. Some song arrangements were published under the initials A.L. (which we still see in Boosey & Hawkes editions). Her daughter, Liza, studied first of all with her mother and then took lessons with Jenny Lind. After her debut in 1885, she was heard by Clara Schumann, who invited her to Frankfurt, where she had lessons every day for three weeks (and was somewhat appalled by the manners of Brahms, who breakfasted on sardines, drinking the oil from the tin). Other family friends were Liszt and Verdi.

In 1894, Liza Lehmann retired from the stage, citing as the reason her marriage to Herbert Bedford. In truth, her desire was to devote as much time as possible to composition. The first work to emerge was actually her biggest success, *In a Persian Garden*. A song-cycle for four voices was unprecedented in England and leads one to believe that she may, while in Frankfurt, have come to know Schumann's works for this combination. A wealthy friend subsidized a premiere by a stellar quartet led by Emma Albani, reviews were enthusiastic and many performances followed. "But it was not until it had been given in New York," she wrote, "that the *Persian Garden* may be said to have *arrived*. There it was so fortunate as to make a kind of furore."

A large number of songs and song-cycles, setting a wide variety of poets, were produced throughout Lehmann's career, but none surpassed the success of *In a Persian Garden*. In 1909 and 1910, she undertook strenuous tours of North America, including visits to Toronto (where she played her own accompaniments). The *Toronto World* reported: "Mme Lehmann is noted over two continents for her work. Her commentaries on the Persian poet's stanzas are unparalleled both from the matter of musical structure and of interpretation . . . she has really shown genius in her setting of these famous stanzas." Liza Lehmann died, comparatively young, in 1918, having just completed her engaging autobiography. Her grandson is the famous conductor, pianist and Honorary Patron of the Aldeburgh Connection, Steuart Bedford.

Omar Khayyám, an astronomer and poet, lived in Persia around 1100. Edward Fitzgerald first published his translations in 1859 (later revised up until 1879) and they rapidly became popular in the extreme. They contain the poet's speculations on the mystery of existence and his counsel to drink and make merry while life lasts.

Quartette: soprano, contralto, tenor, bass

Wake! For the Sun, who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the field of night,
Drives night along with them from Heav'n, and strikes
The Sultan's turret with a shaft of Light.

Solo: tenor

Before the phantom of false morning died
Methought a voice within the Tavern cried:
"When all the Temple is prepared within
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside?"

Recitative: bass

Now the new year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the "White Hand of Moses" on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

Solo: tenor

Irám indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows,
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the water blows.

Quartette: soprano, contralto, tenor, bass

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling.
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly — and lo, the Bird is on the wing!

Solo: bass

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

Recitative: contralto

Ah, not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below,
To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden, far beneath, and long ago.

Solo: contralto

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled,
That ev'ry Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving herb, whose tender green,
Fledges the river — lip on which we lean, —
Ah — lean upon it lightly — for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen

Duet: soprano and tenor

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread —and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Ah, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

Solo: bass

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint and heard great argument —
(but evermore)
Came out by that same door where in I went.

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own Hand labour'd it to grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their words to scorn
Are scatter'd, and their mouths are stopp'd with Dust.

Recitative: bass

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend!

Solo: contralto

When you and I behind the veil are past
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last —

Recitative: soprano

But, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a shame — were't not a shame for him
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

Solo: soprano

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some secret of that after-life to spell,
And by-and-bye my Soul return'd to me
And answer'd: I myself am Heav'n and Hell.

Heav'n but the vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which ourselves,
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

Solo: tenor

Alas! that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence and whither flown again, who knows? —

Solo: contralto

The worldly hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes,or it prospers; and anon
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty face,
Lighting a little hour or two — is gone.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai,
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined hour, and went his way.

Waste not your hour!

Solo: soprano

Each morn a thousand Roses brings, you say;
Yes, — but where leaves the Rose of yesterday? —
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose,
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

Quartette: soprano, contralto, tenor, bass

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep,
And Bahrám, that wild Hunter, — the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep.

Lo, some we lov'd, the loveliest and best
That from his Vintage rolling time hath prest,

Have drunk their Cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the Door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road
Which to discover we must travel too.

Recitative: tenor

Ah, fill the Cup! What boots it to repeat
How time is slipping underneath our Feet.

Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter Fruit.

Ah Love, could you and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of things entire,
Would we not shatter it to bits — and then
Remould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

Solo: tenor

Ah, Moon of my Delight, that knows no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again —
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me — in vain.

And when thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one — turn down an empty Glass!

Solo: bass

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heav'nly Vintage from the Soil looks up,
Do you devoutly do the like, till Heav'n
To Earth invert you — like an empty Cup.

So when that Angel of the darker Drink,
At last shall find you by the river-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff — you shall not shrink.

Quartette: soprano, contralto, tenor, bass

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose,
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence and whither flown again, who knows?

About The Aldeburgh Connection

This is the first of two Young Artists Recitals presented by Aldeburgh Connection in collaboration with The University of Toronto's Faculty of Music. Please join us again on December 3, when we present two more fine young singers, soprano **Joni Henson** and mezzo **Melinda Delorme**.

Hugo Wolf, one of the greatest of German *Lieder* composers, who set to song the great romantic poets of his day, died on February 22, 1903. We will acknowledge the centenary of this date with a special concert entitled *Hugo Wolf and his Poets*, on Saturday afternoon, February 22, 2003 in Walter Hall, University of Toronto. The concert will begin at 2 pm, with a pre-concert talk at noon on the three great poets whose works form the central part of Wolf's song output: Goethe, Mörike and Eichendorff. This will be followed by a break. Young artists from the Faculty of Music and alumni will be joined by guest artist **Catherine Robbin** in this presentation of Wolf's music. For tickets call 416 978-3744.

More of the songs of Hugo Wolf can be heard in concerts in our two well-established Subscription Series in Walter Hall and in the Glenn Gould Studio.

The Recital Series in the Glenn Gould Studio begins next week, on October 23, with a solo recital by **Susan Platts**. This commanding young Canadian mezzo is establishing a formidable reputation as an interpreter of Mahler and Brahms, and her debut recital a few weeks ago at Washington DC's Kennedy Centre received rave reviews. Our Wolf concert in this Series will take place on March 25, with a performance of Wolf's *Italienisches Liederbuch*, sung by soprano **Monica Whicher** and baritone **Russell Braun**. And our popular *Greta Kraus Schubertiad* returns on May 7, with four exciting young singers, soprano **Shannon Mercer**, mezzo **Krisztina Szabó**, tenor **Colin Ainsworth** and baritone **Alexander Dobson**. Our usual party with delicious Viennese refreshments will take place at intermission. For tickets, please call the Glenn Gould Studio Box Office at 416 205-5555.

There are only a few seats remaining for concerts in our Sunday Series at 2:30 pm in Walter Hall; please inquire from our box office number 416)444-3976 closer to the date of the concert, as there are occasionally some returned tickets. On December 1 we present *Orpheus with her Lute*; on January 26, *Anacreon's Rest* (our Wolf concert in this Series); on March 16, *Upstairs, Downstairs*; and on April 27, *Catherine Robbin and friends* — a musical farewell to a distinguished Canadian singer who has been with us since our first concert twenty years ago. These concerts are at 2:30 pm in Walter Hall.

Aldeburgh is the small town on the east coast of England where Benjamin Britten, Peter Pears and Eric Crozier founded the Festival of Music which flourishes to this day. Artistic directors Stephen Ralls and Bruce Ubukata have visited and worked there for many summers, as has a large number of the singers appearing with The Aldeburgh Connection.

Saemi Chang is entering her second year at the University of Toronto, Opera Division, She has sung numerous roles, including Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, La Fée in *Cendrillon*, Fiammetta in *Prima Donna*, Emmie in *Albert Herring*, Adina in *L'Elisir d'amore*, Nannetta in *Falstaff*, Barbarina in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Lucy in *The Telephone*, and performed the role of Gilda in *Rigoletto* with the Zlin and Karlovy Vary Orchestras in the Czech Republic. This past summer she sang the role of Susanna in *The Marriage of Figaro*). She was proud to be part of the cast in the world premiere production of *Iron Road*. As a soloist, she has sung orchestal works including Mahler's *Syphony No. 4*, Mendelssohm's *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Handel's *Messiah*, and Bach's *Magnificat* with the Royal Conservatory of Music Symphony Orchestra. Her next role will be Oberto in the Opera Division's production of Handel's *Alcina* in November.

Susan Black completed her Bachelor of Music at the Universty of Victoria in 1998. After participating in master classes at the Mozarteum in Salzburg in 1998, she attended Oberlin College to study with Richard Miller, and she is currently completing a Master's dgree in Vocal Performance at the University of Toronto with Prof. Darryl Edwards. She also hold piano performance diplomas from both the Victoria and Royal Conservatories of Music, and works frequently as a vocal accompanist. Susan has appeared in many operas in roles that include Orfeo in *Orfeo ed Euridice*, Cherubino in *Le nozze di Figaro*, Mercedes in *Carmen*, Bellina in *Prima Donna* and the Wife in *The Music Shop*. She has sung with orchestra in the US and Canada in works that include Handel's *Messiah*, Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony* and Cherubini's *Missa Solemnis*.

Stephen Erickson is a graduate of the Artist Diploma Program at Mount Royal College in Calgary. He gained much experience on the concert stage as tenor soloist in Beethoven's *Choral Fantasie* with the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra, Bach's *Cantata BWV 112* with the Calgary Bach Festival, and as Uriel in *The Creation* with Mount Royal Kantorei. He is in his final year of the Bachelor of Music in Voice Performance program at the University of Toronto where he received the Lois Marshall Scholarship as well as the Luciano Pavarotti Scholarship. He is currently studying with Dr. Darryl Edwards. His Toronto engagements have included the tenor solos in Bach's *Cantata BWV 4* with the Elmer Iseler Singers, the Toronto première of *Requiem for the Millennium* by Brian

Finley and numerous performances of Handel's *Messiah*. This past summer he sang the role of Die Erste Gefangener in Beethoven's *Fidelio* as part of the Europaisches Musikfest in Germany at the Bachakademie with conductor Helmuth Rilling. Stephen will return to his native Calgary in April to perform the *Mass in B Minor* by J.S. Bach.

Julien Patenaude has master's degree in singing from the Université de Montréal, has taken part in summer programs at Orford, and is currently studying at the Opera Division, under Patricia Kern. He has performed many roles in the operatic repertoire, including Claudio in Berlioz's *Béatrice et Bénédict*, Papageno in *Die Zauberflöte*, Agamemnon in Offenbach's *La belle Hélène*, Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, Frank in *Die Fledermaus*, the baritone in Mozart's *Der Schauspieldirektor*, and Marco in *Gianni Schicchi*, Antonio in *Le nozze di Figaro*, *Elder Hayes in Carlisle Floyd's Susannah*, Don Alfonso in *Così fan tutte*, Schaunard in *La bohême* and Ben in Menotti's *The Telephone*, and has appeared with the COC chorus. He has been seen in Opera Division productions including Rameau's *Castor et Pollux*, Ravel's *L'enfant et les sortilèges*, in *La bohème* and in The Last Duel by Gary Kulesha. He has sung with many professional choirs in Montreal and Quebec, and has appeared as soloist with l'Orchestre de la Montérégie in Handel's *Messiah* and in a concert version of *Carmen*.

Bruce Ubukata has established a reputation as one of Canada's leading accompanists, working with singers such as Mary Lou Fallis in her successful one-woman shows, *Primadonna*, *Mrs Bach* and *Fräulein Mozart*, and he has had a long association with the Canadian Children's Opera Chorus. His other musical activities have included engagements with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir and the Canadian Opera Company, as well as regular summer engagements in Aldeburgh. His recordings include *Liebeslieder & Folk Songs* for CBC Records and the Britten *Canticles* on the Marquis Label. Mr Ubukata is also an accomplished organist and harpsichordist.

In addition to the Aldeburgh Connection, TD's Community Giving Program supports TD Canada Trust Scholarships for Outstanding Community Leadership, TD Friends of the Environment Foundation, TD Canadian Children's Book Week and the Children's Miracle Network, as well as a host of local, regional and national charitable programs across Canada.

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